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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Ristori in Comedy.

So much has been written upon the rival merits of Rachel and Ristori, and so much discriminating criticism has been called forth, that another line in illustration of the comparison would seem unnecessary. There is one view of the subject, however, which has not been taken.

Nothing impressed me more on again seeing Ristori after an interval of eighteen years, than the immense superiority she displayed in melodrama and high comedy over tragedy. The memory of her former self was as unfavorable to her present personations as the memory of Rachel.

It was my good fortune to be in Florence in 1849, before she had acquired her Paris reputation, and night after night to enjoy her renderings of Scribe and Goldoni. The former suffered from translation, though enough of his wit and ingenuity remained to make his plays very acceptable. Goldoni deserves such an expositor, and those who only know him as one of the helps to the acquirement of the Italian language can form no idea of his merits. Ristori's arch humor, pathos and ease, added to her natural beauty and high-born air, eminently fitted her for genteel comedy. She did full justice to the beauty of her native tongue, and it was delightful to hear it flowing musically from her lips and observe how every mood and costume became her.

She did not always confine herself to skilful authors, but whatever she attempted was perfectly done. In one play particularly her triumph over a ridiculous plot was remarkable. A young lady of birth and fortune marries clandestinely an adventurer who proves to have been a *confectioner*! I forget the name of the playwright, though he deserves to be remembered for his originality and daring. Brigands have been considered fascinating for many years. Murderers are intensely popular. Music and language masters are dangerous. Exiles only inferior to murderers. Highwaymen and pickpockets have been idealized repeatedly, and Miss Braddon has even stooped to a groom and lifted him up into a hero; but writers have not recruited from the ranks of tailors, dancing masters or pastry cooks. Next to the daring of imagining such a plot was that of representing it, but it proved Ristori's power.

The easy grace and happiness of her appearance when she first entered in riding habit and hat, whip in hand, was bewitching. Then came distrust, anxiety and the gradual awakening to a sense of her folly. Her faithfulness in spite of deceit and treachery and her final throwing herself at the feet of the "*padre nobile*" while pleading for her unworthy husband, were masterly. It was talent and a high order of talent, exerted in a poor cause.

In quitting her own peculiar walk, Ristori has incurred the disadvantage of not being so well

supported. The Italians are peculiarly calculated to represent light and evanescent emotions. The calm, sad dignity of tragedy does not suit their mercurial natures. They are usually either stiff or exaggerated; I mean as compared with their comic delineations, for in all imitative arts they are superior to the Anglo Saxon race.

The impression of Ristori's great superiority as an actress was so vivid, that though on seeing Rachel two years after I acknowledged her wonderful powers, I fancied the Italian might rival her in tragedy, at the same time being convinced no one could surpass her. Therefore when the curtain rose last November at the Boston Theatre and we awaited her appearance in Judith, it was with an emotional interest. But the moment she appeared the high wrought expectation sank. The mere fluttering of the drapery, the hurried walk across the stage, the rapid words in which she announced the discovery of a spring to the perishing Israelites proved in a moment beyond doubt the superiority of Rachel. It was fine declamation, but the passion, the power, the classic attitudes of the French woman were not there.

Had we never seen Ristori in comedy nor Rachel in tragedy we should have been entirely delighted. As it was we were haunted by the wish that she had been faithful to high comedy; for what does high comedy demand? Culture, grace, imitativeness, a bright, sympathetic mind, and high powers of understanding. No one can deny her greatness in tragedy, but she was *greater* in comedy.

Had she been faithful to her gift and specialty, she would have been the acknowledged queen of that charming line of acting, and Rachel would have trod the stage some years longer, for there is no doubt her death was hastened by the poisoned shaft of envy.

Ristori can now lay claim to being the first tragic actress in the world, a proud supremacy which we insist could not have been given her while Rachel lived, for there was that in the fiery nature of the Jewess which enabled her to accomplish what no woman with a calmer temperament can do. If she stole the fire from heaven, it consumed her. If her ambition led her to superhuman efforts, it ate her heart away.

There seems to me no more melancholy picture than Rachel forced to witness the innocent triumphs of her rival. We recall Prometheus on his rock, Napoleon at St. Helena; and these pangs must have been aggravated by the injustice of the Parisian verdict. She *knew* she was the greatest in her own line, and the mad grief and jealousy at not being able to make others feel it, broke her proud spirit.

There never were two beings who more perfectly illustrated the difference between talent and genius than Ristori and Rachel.

Musical Letters by Ferdinand Hiller.*

THE FORTY-FOURTH MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE LOWER RHINE AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

The Festival began for me at the Central Railway Terminus, Cologne, where I met our

* Translated from the *Kölische Zeitung*, for the London Musical World.

respected old master, Moscheles, who had braved the night journey from Leipsic, in order that he might arrive the sooner on the harmonic battlefield. I enjoyed the pleasure of chatting away the time with him to Aix-la-Chapelle, and deriving fresh satisfaction at his undiminished interest in everything going on in art and life. The entrance into the bustle of our musical festivals has always something intoxicating about it, especially when a man rushes off direct from the railway carriage into the concert room. I was received by an energetical "*Ho! Ho!*" but it was soon evident that this was not intended for my humble self, but for Orpheus, the beautiful, and I regarded it as no evil omen. In fact, after Mlle. Bettelheim had moved the Furies and the auditors, I quickly found myself surrounded by dear friends and acquaintances. "*Ah, Rheinthal!*" Look, there is *Capellmeister* Scholz." "*And Willner?*" "*He is due to-day.*" "*Tiens, voilà ce cher Gouvy!* What, have you been able to leave Paris and the Exposition?" "*Yes; everything is to be found there, except such music as is heard here!*"—Now there rush in a host of enthusiastic Belgians. "*Nous sommes à notre poste, Monsieur, comme tous les ans—l'année prochaine ce sera à Cologne, n'est-ce pas?*" "*I hope so, but a year, now-a-days, is a century. Who can tell what may happen!*" I stand upon tiptoe in order to shake hands with the Cheruscus, who, under the name of Nimann, is now starring it in Germany. Rietz—*Jupiter tonans*—now leaves his place in the clouds to approach mere mortals, while, with a light step, Breunung winds his way through an Olympus full of Graces, to grasp the sceptre. The good-natured members of the Committee greet us most cordially; they seem in high spirits, and have good reason to be so. The critics, also, make their appearance from Germany and England, and France and Belgium and Leipsic—but from among them we miss one who for forty years attended these pleasant festivals and was, as it were, their historian: Professor Ludwig Bischoff. I once represented him in these columns (the reader will remember the circumstance), while he was on a visit to England. From the bourne which he has now gone to visit he will return no more.

This distinguished man had many enemies; now that he is gone, people appreciate the great loss they have suffered by his death. What stores of acquirements and talent were borne with him to the grave! Where is the pen that could work so effectively as a medium between the highest interests of our art and the public! Of those interests he never lost sight, and it was his unceasing endeavor to make his readers appreciate all that is beautiful and sublime in the works of our great masters. He always possessed the power of doing this in a new, forcible, clever, and universally intelligible style, and of thus exciting an interest for music even in those who originally cared nothing about it. He never sat in a concert room to criticize; he allowed what he heard to work upon him, and in the most advanced age possessed a keen susceptibility for fresh impressions—a susceptibility that is greatly needed by some even of the very youngest among us. Sometimes he may have been mistaken! But let the man who is conscious that this has never happened to himself cast a stone at him! He is reproached with having been now and then exaggerated in his praises, a fault felt with peculiar acuteness in Germany, where the fact of abusing anyone, and the more coarsely the better, is considered the particular office of criticism. But what he thought bad he never praised; what he thought good he never censured. I gladly seize this opportunity of paying a slight tribute of gratitude to the man who, for a long period,

stood by my side and afforded me the most disinterested aid in my artistic efforts and enterprises, and, if any one observe, with a smaller or larger addition of irony, that I, more than any other man, am especially bound to do so, I most heartily and unreservedly acknowledge the fact. I feel convinced, however, that very many must—and, moreover, will—join me in these too few votive lines, for if the virtue of being just is ever given to us mortals it is towards the Dead.

Let us, however, return to life, full, fresh, and invigorating, such as we but too seldom find it—and nowhere more unclouded than in true cultivation of the truly Beautiful. That which renders our Musical Festivals of the Lower Rhine, if they are what they ought to be, and what, fortunately, they mostly have been, such important features in our civilization, is that, without petty aims and considerations, the object for which they exist is to secure the highest possible amount of appreciation for the sublimest kinds of art by representing them in the most effective manner. So many persons, too, from so many quarters, co-operate in them with such self-sacrificing devotion, with such unpretending dedication of their best strength, and with such ingenious enthusiasm, that they are entitled to our deepest respect. It has often been remarked, but can never be remarked often enough, what great services are rendered to the good cause by the members of the Festival Committee; but of the enormous pains taken by them, of the long-continued and frequently laborious efforts necessary to prepare everything, to get together all the materials for erecting the airy monuments of our art, the uninitiated have not the slightest conception. Moreover I do not know where we shall find the genuine and warm love for art which exists in the hearts of the German people more plainly manifested than in the amateurs and the musicians who constitute the chorus and the orchestra. Such hard labor, lasting the whole day, and accompanied by a continuous silent or loud jubilation, is possible only where real enthusiasm exists. The trifling remuneration which is all that can be offered the members of the orchestra is by no means to be compared with what is expected from them, and most fearlessly do I assert that such a state of things is possible with German musicians alone.

The official report returns the number of the chorus at 407, and 123 as the number of the members of the orchestra. As the hall is not extravagantly large, but extraordinarily sonorous, the exhibition of power was very grand. The choruses had been admirably got up (by Herr Breunung, the *Musik-Director* of the Town)—the singers sang with as much spirit as exactness. Our beautiful, high-sounding Rhenish voices were once more heard to the greatest advantage—the sopranos especially exerted all their fascination. Rhenish singers, when in full swing, sometimes overstep a little bit the delicate line of beauty, and their energy then receives a certain touch of impetuosity—a weakness, if superabundance of strength may be so called, which is redeemed a hundred fold by the fulness of sparkling life that it brings to light—but, we should think, a weakness easily to be overcome. The magnificence of the stringed quartet at our Festivals is everywhere acknowledged—the like of such hosts of select *Zündnadel* bows are to be found assembled nowhere else. Anything may be done with them—the softest movements, the most stormy attacks—the more difficult, the better! A combined tone like steel, brilliant, steady, pure, and sterling—and then again gentle and ethereal like harmonica-bells. Above all are the first violins, the worthy companions of the crystal clear sopranos. Attached to the *Concertmeister*, Herren Wenigsmann and von Königsföw, of Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, as leaders, were a whole host of superior officers fighting in the ranks. The wind instrumentalists, too, were excellent—pure, exact, and possessed of good taste, and it is a remarkable fact that much as the brass was called into requisition, scarcely the slightest mistake occurred in it. But the defect, which, indeed, is to be found in many of the most celebrated orchestras, and which consists in the fact

that, from the heights they occupy, trombones, and trumpets bray down their tones rather too obstreperously, was not always avoided here.

The Committee had succeeded in obtaining such a vocal quartet as is seldom to be got together. Madame Harriers-Wippert, the sweet soprano, who unites the mildest and most harmonious voice with the most admirable training; Mlle. Caroline Bettelheim, whose fine, full contralto appears to flow directly from a thoroughly musical soul; Niemann, the hero of heroic tenors, and Hill, with a baritone so soft, and yet so vigorous. The envious Demon whose delight it is to derange somehow or other the best undertakings of us sons of clay, endeavored, on this occasion, to play off his impish tricks, and, in the form of a grateful draught, to deprive the amiable contralto of her voice—but he did not succeed, being in the end compelled to fly before the energetic will and conscientious precautions of the fair young singer.

And Julius Rietz was the director of the Festival. I cannot help fearing that I shall be laughed at by my old, and somewhat sarcastic friend, if I praise him—but I will do so for all that. At least, I will express the pleasure one feels on seeing at the conductor's desk a man with knowledge and with will; who knows what he wills, and is able to carry it out. With him we have no anxious attempts; no grand airs to inspire respect; no clever phrases which advance nothing. On the one hand, the confident and necessary consciousness: "I understand what I am about"—on the other, the no less necessary conviction: "He understands what he is about"—and every thing goes off lightly, as though in play, and of its own accord, because it is an organized necessity that it must do so.

The second director of the Festival, my younger friend, Ferdinand Breunung, at any rate, I may congratulate upon the flattering success he achieved, and praise the sterling and varied talent which enabled him to be of such benefit to the Festival. In what a masterly manner he had conducted the preparatory rehearsals was demonstrated by the grand rehearsals. Without the thorough and conscientious preparatory training of the chorus, it would have been impossible even for St. Cecilia herself to have done anything. That Breunung is one of the first organists of Germany is one of the many true things known only to a few. I will return by-and-bye to his execution of the organ part, admirably arranged by himself for *Judas Maccabæus*. The pieces which it fell to his lot to conduct were sometimes extraordinarily difficult—but he swayed the masses with perfect certainty and discretion. During the numerous songs, too, sung on the third day, he sat at the pianoforte, a genuine *maestro al cembalo*, capable of satisfying the most varied demands—genuine and sterling.

The programme was a perfect galaxy of masterworks. Bach and Handel, and Gluck, Beethoven and Cherubini, Mendelssohn and Schumann, followed each other in almost historical order. Aught like criticism must be dumb at such a list—and, with all humility, I, therefore, hold my tongue. I cannot, however, refrain from citing a few lines from a letter which Felix Mendelssohn wrote to me on the 15th July, 1838:

"You will have already heard I was at the Musical Festival in Cologne. Every thing went off well; the organ produced a fine effect in Handel, and still more in Seb. Bach (it was some newly discovered music of his, that you do not yet know, with a pompous double chorus.) But, in my opinion at least, we wanted, also, the interest of something new and untold; I am fond of something uncertain, that affords me and the public the opportunity for an opinion—in Beethoven, Handel, and Bach, we know beforehand what there is; that must remain as it is, but something else must be added to it."

In Mendelssohn, also, himself, we know beforehand what there is—and the more interesting and significant have his words become for us.

The first day brought with it a magnificent performance of Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, and, as a kind of prelude, the *Orchester-Suite* in D major, by J. S. Bach. Of the five movements of which the latter is composed, the second, called

an Air, produced, probably, the most pleasing impression. It consists of a broad, gentle strain, which was assigned by the composer to a solo violin. The great Bach, who, when he did not play his music himself, was, in all likelihood, but very seldom favorably impressed by the mode in which it was executed, would have been not a little surprised, had he heard this solo performed by a whole host of fiddlers together, as was the case here. In the other movements, also, the stringed quartet came out in all its fulness and strength, and the trumpets, which have a great part to sustain, carried it through with as much brilliancy as neatness. But it cannot be denied that the public were not particularly moved by the work, and it was impossible to be angry with them for it. When, now-a-days, an orchestra, and more especially, a Musical Festival orchestra, begins to move, people expect something else than what a Gavotte, a Bourrée, and a Gigue, even in their greatest excellence, can contain, and ought to contain—and the comprehension of the marvellous polyphony to be found in almost the smallest composition of Bach, is naturally not given to everyone. We musicians were greatly delighted, but we formed only an inconsiderable minority. It was a very different thing with *Judas Maccabæus*, one of the freshest and most popular works of Handel. *Judas Maccabæus* was written in a few weeks during the summer of 1746, for Handel flung all his greatest oratorios upon paper in a fearfully short time. It was produced for the first time on the 1st April, 1747, in Covent Garden Theatre, London. Dr. Thomas Morell, a clergyman, was the author of the words. There is a tradition that Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. suggested the subject, to celebrate the victory of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, over the unfortunate Charles Edward, whose army was annihilated at the battle of Culloden (2nd April, 1746). But it is scarcely possible to see any points of resemblance, when the subject is, in the one case, the last combined effort of the poor, small Jewish nation, and, in the other, the final overthrow of her enemy by haughty England. Be that, however, as it may, of all Handel's oratorios, *Judas Maccabæus* is that one which enjoyed the greatest success during the composer's life, and was most frequently performed. English writers attribute a portion of this success to the great partiality shown for the work by the Israelites, who, "zealous admirers of music generally, took a more especial interest in a work that sang in such a manner the heroic courage of their forefathers." The book of *Maccabæus* is nothing more nor less than—what such books usually are. Anything approaching even a material conception of the grandiose pitch of enthusiasm to which the Maccabees had managed to work up their people is altogether out of the question. Songs devoted in turn to lamentation, hope, martial courage, and the intoxication of victory, with a continual reference to the power of Jehovah, follow one another in due order, and the whole range of emotions from despair to the highest pitch of gladness is presented to us twice in succession. Did we not find in the recitatives certain names, such as Antiochus, Gorgias, Lysias, and Nikanor, together with the historically characteristic mention of a prominent elephant, the oratorio might apply quite as well to any warlike enterprise of the Jews as to those undertaken by the Maccabees. But no; at the end there comes Capolemus, the Jewish ambassador at Rome, and offers on the part of the Senate friendship and protection (what was afterwards called a *Rheinbund*), and these suspicious assurances would cast a shadow upon all the joy of victory, supposing we could think of anything in the world but Handel's magnificent music. In this, more than in any other of his oratorios, the choruses outshine the vocal solos. The deep earnestness of lament, the heroic energy of martial ardor, and the elevating feeling of triumph, has Handel glorified in eternal melodies, and it by no means requires a musical education, as it is termed, but simply an open ear and heart, to be carried away by their magnificence. Prominent among the vocal pieces are the duets, which introduce several of the finest

choruses. None of the airs stand on an equal elevation with them. Still Mme. Harriers-Wipern and Mlle. Bettelheim obtained thunders of applause for their masterly rendering of them, as well as of the duets. Hill proved himself to be the same as ever, and when Niemann burst forth with the words "Blast die Trompete, erhebt das Feldgeschrei," we could almost fancy that the roll of music in his hand had changed to a sword. The chorus, by the "schrecklich süßen Schall geweckt," sang in a style full of martial courage, "Wir folgen dir zum Siege," while the trumpets joined in with their blare, as though they would have blown down the walls of Jericho. But the greatest enthusiasm was that evoked by the celebrated choral song, "Sehet, er kommt mit Preis gekrönt" (which is to be found, also, in *Joshua*)—it had to be repeated.

It is well known that none of Handel's oratorios can be produced without omitting some things and supplying others, however strongly we may stand up for historical truth. Even the great composer himself arranged his works differently for the different performances of them, according to the quality and number of the vocalists at his disposal, and employed the organ and the cymbals, though the parts for those instruments are sometimes not found at all, and sometimes are merely suggested, in the scores. There exists great diversity of opinion as to how Handel's oratorios ought to be arranged now-a-days. That certain only of the solo pieces should be selected is a point on which all impartial and competent judges are unanimous, and the blind admirers of Handel will only be injuring their idol and his works, whenever they succeed in producing one of the latter without any curtailment. Leaving out of consideration the fact that very many of the airs are really insignificant, the singers of the present day are placed in a strange position with regard to them, a position in no way to be explained by stating it to be that of the theatrical as opposed to the oratorio style. The relation of the singers to the music is not the original one—for Handel's operatic airs and oratorio-airs are written in precisely the same style. But a very large number of Handel's solo songs are *bravura* pieces, and virtuosity, together with whatever is connected with it, constitutes, speaking strictly, the element of fashion in music. Now, since, at the present day (we may regret the fact, but so it is), we have mostly singers who are unable to master, far less to lend animation and expression to, these long-winded passages, we should compromise them and the performance generally, were we to compel them to sing the passages in question, unless, which is seldom the case, the airs are most closely connected with the pieces near them or with the whole action of the oratorio. In the last case, moreover, if necessary, a simplification or curtailment will always be preferable to the labored execution of what, to achieve its due effect, should appear spontaneously produced. We are compelled to cut out a great deal in the tragedies of Shakspeare and of Schiller, in order to fit them for theatrical representation, and the inward mental connection in one of Handel's oratorios is very far from being such as exists in those works.

At the performance, this year, at Aix-la-Chapelle, great reserve was manifested both as regards the omission of any of the airs, and the addition of certain wind instruments for the choruses. The recitatives were all accompanied on the piano (a pianino), with which, according to the historical tradition, the violoncello and the double-bass should properly have been united. But these instruments render the performance of the work more difficult than it otherwise would be, and, when thus combined with the piano, have always something perverse about them, and it was well done to set to work less historically. To most of the choruses and solo pieces, if not all, the organ was added—amid the sea of sound created by the large numbers comprised in the chorus and orchestra, it was not particularly prominent in the choruses, though it frequently contributed unnoticed to the beauty of the general effect. With regard to its employment in the airs and duets, there are one or two points to be

remarked, and these are of a contrary purport. In this instance a great deal is to be said against its too frequent introduction. Above all else, there is the monotony of its sound, which becomes doubly objectionable when contrasted with the exceedingly delicate effects of light and shade required in vocal solos. Then on the present occasion there was also the great distance at which the organist was placed. This made a perfectly exact accompaniment extremely difficult—I should have said impossible, had not Breunung rendered it possible. But we ought not to feel the difficulty of anything when its perfection is to be sought in the most pliant submission. The soft registers employed by Breunung seemed to come from some higher regions, which they, in fact, did—but there was still something abrupt about them. The greatest difficulty was in adapting the organ accompaniments to the quicker tempi—while, from their nature, they were most appropriate and characteristic in calmly devout pieces. Taken all in all, there was, in the opinion of everyone among us, too much of a good thing.

But what course ought to be pursued with Handel's instrumentation, which is so sparse and stands so much in need of something additional? Ought we, as the historic party maintain, to add the piano alone to the airs and the organ only to the choruses? or ought the latter, if only sparingly, to be employed in the vocal solos also? Or are we at liberty to write supplementary parts for the wind instruments, and now and then introduce a few brass strains into the orchestra, when everything in the original score points to strength and power? I think that in every instance we ought to select what is adapted to the work, the separate pieces, and the particular circumstances under which the performance takes place, and, while doing so, to endeavor to avoid the additions of wanton arrogance as much as the pedantic humility of paltry non-interference. The presumptuous levity displayed at an epoch not very remote in getting up the performances of musical master-pieces (not those of Handel alone) may probably be regarded as vanquished—but let us not fall into the opposite extreme and make the spirit gave way to the letter. Fortunately, however, Handel stands firm in unshakable strength, despite all the various experiments that have been tried on him, from those at Sydenham to those at the smallest German towns—the fact is: nothing can kill him.

(To be continued.)

The First Debut of Henriette Sontag.

Translated from the "Gartenlaube."

With his fragrant coffee on the table before him, his finely-flavored pipe in his mouth, sat Herr Holbein, manager of the Prague Theatre; yet he felt relish for neither of his favorites, and dark clouds rested upon his brow. Indeed, the position of manager is not one calculated always to color with rose-tints the humor of its occupant. "A Prima Donna! A kingdom for a Prima Donna!" cried the poor, troubled man; for he had promised to procure one in place of his own who had fallen sick, and he knew not how he could keep his word. The celebrated tenor singer, Gerstacker—the father of the renowned traveler—who was visiting in the city, had so delighted the public with his magnificent voice and exquisite style that, in spite of the heat of summer, he was eagerly called for, to appear in opera. Now, without one to fill the place of the invalid soprano, this of course would be impossible. As it was expected of him to furnish the wanting element, was it wonderful that the manager's Mocha had lost its flavor, and that his brow was clouded? With a gentle knock at the door, his friend, the Capellmeister and Opera director, Herr Friebensee, entered, and the first sound meeting his ear was the almost despairing cry:

"It is well that you have come; help me, stand by me. A kingdom for a soprano singer, were it but for one role!"

"First give me the kingdom and then I will furnish the singer," was the laughing reply. "But what is the role?"

"Gerstacker has declared his willingness to sing 'John of Paris.' It is said to be one of his best parts; everything is ready for the representation, the only thing wanting is the Princess of Navarra."

"Only Donna Clara, Princess of Navarra? Why, I should say everything was wanting then," said

Friebensee, playfully, when looking up at the other's sorry face, he continued; still cheerfully, but consolingly, too, "Hold up your head, Holbein! I will see to the wanting trifle. I will provide you with a most serene princess. I have one among my scholars."

"Who, dear, who is this pearl?"

"Fetterl, Sontag's pretty little daughter. She is a little star, full of wisdom and talent—full of understanding and enthusiasm. She is just studying with me the role of the Princess of Navarra. So then, in five days—too long? Why, man, you are unreasonable? Well, then, in three days you can give the opera; that is, if Gerstacker will sing with the little one, for she is young—very young, indeed."

"And you think she will succeed—she will not disgrace us?"

"She! Disgrace us? Certainly not."

"Then it is decided. Your word is enough for me. Thank God, there is a load gone from my heart!" And the happy manager sprang joyfully up, while the Capellmeister took a speedy leave, and hastened off to his pupil.

At the house door he was met by the silvery, bell-like tones of Henriette's voice, and the old teacher's heart glowed with pleasure at finding his favorite pupil at her studies so early in the morning, and when she was not expecting him either. Softly he opened her door, and, unseen by the charming girl, who was sitting at the piano, stood eagerly listening, smiling with satisfaction when she sang a passage over and over until she had it perfect. At last, when she had finished a phrase of the most extremely difficult "colorit," with astonishing skill and sureness, he could maintain silence no longer, but heartily clapping his hands, he cried:

"You are a glorious girl, Fetterl, and in three days you shall appear as the 'Princess,' in *John of Paris*."

The young girl, who had sprung quickly up, and, all glowing with the praise and applause, hastened towards her teacher, now fell back in affright at this startling news, unable to speak a word, plainly showing her feeling by her expressive face and clear blue eyes.

"My dear child, keep up your courage," said Friebensee, soothingly, when he saw her standing there, so pale and trembling: "Do you think I would have said you could sing the Princess if I had not been sure of it? And will you not do credit to your old friend and teacher?—shall he not be proud of you?"

A quiver of joy thrilled through the charming form of the young girl. The roses bloomed once more on the cheek that had been so pale—the roses of fresh, early youth, almost childhood; the eyes beamed with courage and enthusiasm; the whole face was illuminated as though transfigured by the pure dedication to art, and with a firm voice, Henriette said:

"You have said, master, that I can do it; your word shall not be brought to shame! I shall be ready in three days to appear as the Princess of Navarra."

"God bless you, my child!"

"Do you know that Gerstacker is going to sing 'John of Paris' to-morrow?" cried one passer-by to another. "I am hurrying off to get tickets. They say there is a large crowd around the box."

"But the first singer is sick; who is going to give the Princess?"

"Little Sontag, the daughter of the actress!"

"She? Why, it is not long since she was playing the roles of children—she was always a fine child, but she must be very young."

These and similar expressions might be heard in the streets the day before the representation, and on the following evening, too, when, notwithstanding the intense heat, a large audience eagerly waited the artistic treat of hearing the distinguished guest in "John of Paris." At last Gerstacker appeared, and played and sang so that it was a pleasure to listen to him, and he was met by bursts of enthusiastic applause. Now and then acquaintances would remark to each other: "Poor little Henriette—poor child, how unfortunate that she should make her debut with so great an artist!"

And now the approach of the Princess was announced. All eyes were turned towards the door, on the threshold of which there suddenly appeared one of purest and loveliest apparitions that have ever been seen upon the stage. Two years later, when Henriette Sontag again appeared in public, a magic flower had grown out of the love-bud, that even now combined such grace, loveliness and maidenly dignity, that all hearts were irresistibly drawn towards the being that looked more like an angel than aught else. And when "John" overcame by the sight of the noble donna, sings:

"Lovely is she as a flower,
Tender goodness in her eyes,

And in every feature power
Of reflecting joy there lies!"

—the eyes of the assembled audience were bent upon the young girl standing there as the embodiment of these words, and the murmur of satisfaction grew more and more perceptible.

With true womanly modesty, yet with neither awkwardness nor timidity, the princess advanced, and the first tones pealed forth from her rosy lips with a clearness, a sweet, ardent fullness, that possessed the power of spreading throughout the now excited audience the stillness of the grave. In Henriette's great blue eyes, the mirror of her pure soul, there kindled a yet brighter light than before, when the first soft "bravo" fell upon her ear; it had for her more value than a whole storm of applause, for it came from her teacher, the old Capellmeister, who, enraptured not only with the purity of her intonation, but the dignity of her bearing, could no longer repress his delight. The old man had no intention, however, that his softly spoken bravo should be the signal, as it was, for a burst of the most stormy applause that has ever yet been bestowed upon so youthful a candidate. This universal burst of applause at first not only surprised but confused the maiden, so that for one moment her voice trembled; but she bravely conquered her emotion, and then, encouraged by the recognition, the notes rang forth with yet more fullness, clearness and freshness, until a wondrously beautiful trill, of a roundness of tone and remarkable duration—so that the Capellmeister was forced to hold his breath in amazement—ended the exquisite aria, "With what wondrous ardor." From this moment the victory was sure, and with that aria the young novice in art had elevated herself to the rank of an artiste, and the great Gerstaecker had to be content to share the triumph of the evening with a young *débütante*.

Henriette was received behind the scenes at the end of the first act by her delighted mother and her deeply moved teacher.

"I knew that my brave girl would not disgrace me, but I scarcely thought she would make her old teacher so proud," said the old man. "That was a trill! I thought it was never coming to an end; it would have terrified me had I not been so completely overwhelmed with joy. Such a little 'Backfisch,' and yet she can sing so that I must take my hat off to her in reverence. Listen, Fetterl, one day you will have a rich harvest of glory and honor, and when they press the laurel wreaths upon your brow, think sometimes of your old teacher, then perhaps resting in the quiet grave!"

Deeply affected, the maiden silently bore the honored hand to her lips. And now both she and Gerstaecker must again appear.

In the second act, the favorite Troubadour song caused great furor; John of Paris was obliged to repeat his part, but in case of the Princess once did not suffice. *Da capo*, and again *da capo*—for the third time Henriette must sing hers; the audience grew ever warmer in their enthusiasm—and it was not forced applause, nor feigned ardor, but the pure outburst of intense satisfaction, mingled in regard to Henriette Sontag with a joyful amazement that one so young could accomplish so much. Amid the tumult of rejoicing at the highly artistic treat—for never had Gerstaecker been seen to such advantage—the curtain fell.

Thus ended the first, and altogether unpremeditated appearance of the youthful singer. Truly, no singer ever met with greater, better merited triumph; no woman's name ever shone more brightly amid the triple crown of greatest artist, truest, most excellent wife, and most faithful mother.

Now she rests from her labors—from her rich, varied life; but the name of Henriette Sontag still lives. May it long be honored!

Noble Singers at Exeter Hall.

In England Music and Charity have been made twin sisters, and for their lives not to be divided. Bishops and Archbishops come out industriously in the Lent season in sententious discourses on the duty of considering the poor; Prime Ministers take the chair at public dinners given in aid of those who print newspapers, and those who write in them; noble women, and even Royalty itself, condescend to preside over the stalls at the charitable bazaar; and never was there a time more to be remarked than the present for the sympathy manifested by our men and women of blood and race with the indigent and distressed. The "old religion" was essentially one of deeds, and charity was held to be its great act of faith. Its noble examples of churches built, hospitals founded, and schools endowed are not forgotten, and the Bishop of London is in a fair way of getting the million of sovereigns required for the additional

churches declared to be necessary for his lordship's diocese. But music is the moving power in this generation, and church choirs, choral celebrations in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the "Stabat Mater" and "Lauda Sion," at Moorfields and St. George's, the orchestral services at Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, and the great meetings at Birmingham and Norwich—all tend to show that music is the true fulcrum for setting in motion the national sensibility. Music and Charity have drawn out again the ever to be remembered Grisi at the fine concert at the Crystal Palace the other day, and music and charity will send down Jenny Lind as *Ruth* to the ancient fane of Hereford.

We had imagined the days had passed for the singing of Lord Chancellors in parish churches, and should have as little thought of an Archbishop singing in Exeter Hall as another Cardinal Rohan dancing a saraband at one of Her Majesty's court balls. Not that our young Archbishop is unable "to take his part," as old Morley calls it, for his Grace (had he flourished in days gone by) might have sung his madrigal with the Grand Monarque, joined in a six-part mass with Charles VI., and passed a joke with Louis XI. on his choir-part of only three notes. But no Archbishop has yet sung in Exeter Hall, although we have one who sings well in his place in church, and can do so elsewhere whenever the occasion calls for the exercise.

As charity took the gracious and beautiful Empress of our now almost kindred country to the cholera wards, so last night it took one as gracious and beautiful, if not quite so exalted as an Empress, to Exeter Hall, to assist in the performance of a new oratorio, given in aid of a Hospital for the helpless and afflicted children of the poor. Mr. Schachner's oratorio of "Israel's Return" was given on Wednesday evening with her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle as the *prima donna*, the wife of the Bishop of Gloucester, Mrs. Ellicott, taking the second soprano. Her Grace belongs to the leading communion of the National Church, which seeks to cling to and imitate all that in the "old religion" is founded on scriptural truth and early tradition, and with which heroic action and delicate sympathy is both duty and privilege. Mrs. Ellicott—whose fine voice, chaste execution and extensive reading, made her a great favorite at the Cambridge University Concerts, when the Bishop was a Professor there—has long taken the Hospital, so to say, under her protection, and to her indomitable perseverance and (may we say) "pluck," the musical public owe the very fine performance of last night.

Thirty years ago or more, when the Amateur Choral Society of Exeter Hall first commenced its labors, the professional element was hotly antagonistic to the progress of the new institution. "Don't sing for those amateurs," said the late Tom Cooke to John Hobbs, "no good can come of it." The association has outlived Tom Cooke, and were we poets like Old John, we might metricize on St. Cecilia and say of the young elephantine Timotheus, "It drew an angel down."

The orchestra on Wednesday was a very brilliant affair. A numerous choral body—the Chapel Royal boys in their gold and scarlet, the ladies in white robes, and it only wanted the men in surplices, and the band in crimson cassocks and black sash to render it a sight for all London to rejoice over. Things take time—good things especially so; the blue, the red and the yellow are not going to be confined to the Opera House, nor are Meyerbeer, or Verdi or Gounod to be the only composers whose music is to be assisted by the important aid of gorgeousness in color. The old oratorians at St. Philip's were dressed in full costume, the young ladies at St. Cyr also; let Exeter Hall take the initiative, and we should no longer see a platform of black and neutral tints distressing the eye at these great gatherings in town and country. In the days of Arnold and Crotch oratorios entire were thought dull and heavy—Haydn's "Creation" was even oppressive—and where there was no festival and no attraction, the negative repose of sable well suited the nature and character of the gathering. It is not so now. "Eli" is not brown, "Naaman" is not black, "St. Paul" is not copper-tone, nor is "Elijah" negro-head. There is no necessity to go on blundering in darkness and injustice for the sake of an extinct prejudice.

The band on Wednesday was that of Covent Garden-men, all good and true, and who can play. The composer himself conducted. The hall was well filled, some fifteen or sixteen hundred being present, testifying to the zeal of the patrons and patronesses of the Society and great attractions of the evening.

As it is the fashion now to notice the performers and the performance before saying a word of music, we commence our brief remarks with the singing of Her Grace of Newcastle. At the first public night of the Exeter Hall Society, Sir George Smart, con-

ducting, Mrs. Shaw, then Miss Postans, made her first appearance, and so frightened was the *débütante* that she lost both head and voice; and we well recollect at an oratorio in Covent Garden, a popular soprano getting somewhat confused and wild, and cutting the Gordian knot by throwing her music at the head of the conductor and running off the boards. Her Grace sang in a sweet, sensible, and natural way—with a pure and persuasive tone of voice—at first somewhat veiled by the novelty of position. After the duet with Mr. Hohler, for which the calls of repetition were not to be denied, her voice became settled, and the next recitative was well—thoroughly well given. In the former portion of the oratorio her singing met with the acclamations it was entitled to from peculiar circumstances, but the applause warmed from the real earnestness of the vocalist, and in this recitative the beauty of the scriptural passage, the strength of the composer, and the revelation of true artistic power on the part of the vocalist, excited the audience to enthusiasm, and there was of course an encore.

Mrs. Ellicott's singing is marked by great accuracy and good taste, with here and there a just expression of powerful declamation. Her solo and her quartet parts were given faultlessly.

Mr. Schachner is well known as a great performer on the piano, and successful composer for that instrument. The Oratorio given on Wednesday is written in the true oratorio vein, abounding in counterpoint, and some of the choruses are far beyond the touch of ordinary hands. He has much improved the work since its first production and will no doubt be called upon for fresh and increased exertion.

American Art at the Exposition.

AN ENGLISH CRITIQUE.

The London *Athenaeum* speaks slightly of the paintings sent by American artists to the Paris Exposition. We quote:

The order of the catalogue of this great gathering next compels us to examine the Art of the United States of America, which may be described under two heads; first, that which is French in origin as in nature; secondly, that which is prose. The latter class comprehends much that is valuable, much that is interesting; but as it aims to be topographical in landscape, and merely illustrative in figure-painting, is by no means of the highest importance when we are reckoning up the wealth of the world in art. With this class rank the large topographical and meteorological landscapes of Messrs. Church, "The Falls of Niagara," "The Rainy Season in the Tropics," and, inferiorly to the last, as less effectively achieving a common aim, Mr. Bierstadt's "The Rocky Mountains," and Mr. J. F. Cropsey's "Mount Jefferson, New Hampshire."

There are spectacular pictures of the common sort, or scenes on a smaller scale, and valuable in their way. Better in painting, and finer in sentiment than these, is Mr. J. Hart's *River Tunxis, Connecticut*—a bright landscape, showing a gently flowing stream, its meadows and trees. In Mr. Kensett's *Lake George, Autumn*, is the besetting opacity of the United States practice in landscape, such as we find in common French art of the kind, and observe to be dominant in Germany, a defect which, apart from all other considerations, places the result in value far below even ordinary English landscape-paintings. In this way, the productions of Messrs. Hubbard and Gifford, who show us with spirit a grand range of blue hills, and one or two inferior painters, are below par. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that in some of these pictures are to be observed signs of pathetic purpose of their authors, without which all landscape is merely scientific or topographical. Now German-French landscapes, with which may be classed the works of our present subjects, are, when topographical, apt to be woefully dull and heartless. We decline to rank with art-work such things as result from this want of perception of something more than description can supply by brushes and colors. A man has no business to paint a landscape unless he means something by it of the pathetic sort; topography and scientific illustrations are good, but they are not art.

The better skilled painters who are grouped here with those above named are French in grain. As a rule, these men have a truer perception of the aims and value of art than their less fortunate, but, it may be, more original brethren. Mr. Whistler is eminent among these. Of him our readers know enough. It would be difficult to find an artist more intensely French than he. Mr. Lambdin's name we remember in Paris. His *The Last Sleep*, a lover at his mistress's death-bed—the best painted portion a closed balcony, the effect of the excluded sunlight, has many cleverly expressed points. Mr. McEntee is French to the core of his thought, and pathetic beyond the common

in his picture of desolation and merciless ravage, *Virginia* in 1862—two wrecked houses in a wilderness, a river flowing through a waste. Mr. Whitridge's *Coast of Rhode Island* is exceptional to the common here, and in an original manner renders finely, but rather flimsily, the lapse of waves on the shore. *The Pride of the Valley*, by Mr. A. P. Gray, reminds one of the superior pictures of Ripplingville in its sentiment, which rightly pertains to a consumptive daughter and distressed parents; it has much better drawing than our countrymen could impart to a picture.

Mr. D. Huntington's *Republican Court in the time of Washington*, a large production, makes the critic respect the simplicity of its author even while he smiles at his primitive ideas of art. This is rather a collection of honestly-studied dresses and portraits without vivacity, although painted well, than a picture in the true sense of the term. Nevertheless, being honest, it is worth a legion of flashy French spectacular pictures, and an acre of its counterparts among ourselves. We look upon this quaint and Quakerish example as the sole valuable specimen of native-born United States figure painting on these walls, and are certain that the severe and unsophisticated principles it illustrates are the tools of genius, hopeful of the best art. Within his means and with his ability, the motto of Mr. Huntington is evidently "thorough." In other hands, here is the secret of power. So far as he goes he is happy. Generally, the defect of his countrymen appears in seeing in art nothing beyond its necessary office of representing nature, and seeing thus much prosaically. M. Mignot shows a sense of more than this in his *Sources of the Susquehanna*; but it would be better to call him a Frenchman than anything else. There is a precious but showy quality in Mr. W. Homer's *Confederate Prisoners to the Front*.

Art Culture in Boston.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser, July 30.)

We have the pleasure to announce that the sum of \$10,000 has been presented to the Boston Athenæum, by the will of a gentleman recently deceased, for the purpose of enlarging its fine-arts department.

This timely donation furnishes an occasion for considering the wants of the art interest in this city, and the various projects which are already under consideration for supplying the same. During the past twenty years the city and its suburbs have made immense strides in population and wealth; and in taste and expenditure for costly works of art there has been even a more marked increase. Ten valuable pictures are now purchased by our citizens, where one of equal value was bought twenty years ago. Has there been a corresponding increase in the number and the reputation of resident artists; of the means of educating art students, and in the capacity of galleries for the exhibition of the choicest productions of the pencil and the chisel? Most assuredly not. It is notorious that when a Boston artist acquires a national reputation, he removes to New York, and takes a studio at the painters' elysium in Tenth street, or finds his residence in Florence or Rome. There have been no increased facilities for studying art in Boston. Hence accomplished teachers turn their steps to New York, and promising students follow them, or depart for Europe. If we except the exhibition rooms of picture dealers, there has been no enlargement of the space for exhibitions since the present galleries of the Athenæum were opened nearly twenty years ago. Indeed the space is really less, for one of the large exhibition rooms at the Athenæum was taken for books several years ago, and it is understood that the statuary room is soon to be devoted to the same purpose. The whole building will soon be required for books. Something must therefore be done, and without delay, or Boston will lose, if it has not lost already, the prestige it once enjoyed of being the seat of art, as well as of letters.

What is needed in Boston is, not simply new exhibition rooms, but a School of Art, which shall provide suitable instruction for students under a corps of professional teachers, to which new galleries shall be an adjunct. Several such schools have recently been established in Philadelphia; and some of the western cities furnish better advantages for art students than can be found here. In New Haven a School of Art has just been opened as one of the departments of the college, and a building, planned expressly for this purpose—rooms for instruction occupying the first story, and exhibition galleries, with top light, the second story—has been erected at an expense of \$175,000. The entire cost was paid by one gentleman, Mr. Augustus R. Street, who has since died, but who thus built for himself a monument more enduring than brass. The exhibition rooms are now filled with the choicest specimens of American and foreign art. Where is the solid man

of Boston who will do the same thing for his own city?

Some years ago the project was canvassed of establishing a free art gallery; but it met with little encouragement on account of the great outlay of capital required. As the plan did not embrace a school of art, it seems hardly adapted to the requirements of the present day; and it may well be questioned whether the time has yet come for erecting a large free art gallery in this city. The friends of the measure also discovered that the chief patrons of art among us were already interested in the Athenæum, and deemed it desirable to secure the expansion of that institution rather than to found a new enterprise.

The trustees of the Athenæum, it is understood, have under consideration the enlargement of its fine-arts department. At the annual meeting of the proprietors in January last, a special committee was appointed to consider the subject, and this committee reported at a subsequent meeting, submitting a plan for erecting new galleries on an adjacent estate in Tremont place, which the Athenæum owns. This enlargement would supply rooms to replace the apartments already taken, and which it is proposed to take, for library purposes; but it would not meet the future wants of the institution, or the art interests of the city. Such was the feeling on the part of the committee and of the proprietors, and hence the plan was submitted without any recommendation. There seems to be little probability of its being carried out.

The questions therefore return: how shall the objects we have considered be accomplished, and who shall do it? In replying to these inquiries we beg to suggest that a new and spacious structure is needed which shall combine the two features of a School of Art and new exhibition galleries. The building should be an architectural ornament to the city. No site for such a building is available in the immediate vicinity of the Athenæum. The new land on the Back Bay, which is soon to be the centre of population, seems to be an appropriate location. A lot of land on the corner of St. James and Dorchester streets, containing more than two acres, and accessible on all sides by open avenues, has already been given to the city, and is, by the terms of the deed, dedicated expressly to the purposes of art, or as a public square. Upon this lot the city have expended during the past year, in filling, \$32,000, as appears from the following extract from the Auditor's Report, page 38:—

Payments for filling in a lot of land on St. James street, opposite Huntington square, containing 126,991 square feet. This land was given to the city of Boston by the Boston Water Power Company, in accordance with the terms of an agreement between the State of Massachusetts, the Boston Water Power Company and the City of Boston, dated December 31, 1864: said land to be used either for erection thereon of a building dedicated to the fine arts, or as a public square, \$32,000.

The money to erect the building and establish the Art School must be the free-will offering of our citizens.

We would make one further suggestion, that the new enterprise be carried on through the agency of the Boston Athenæum. This corporation is composed of about eight hundred of our wealthiest and most influential citizens, and has a capital in real estate, securities, library and works of art, of the nominal value of \$700,000, but of a real value of near a million dollars. All this property is held sacred to the objects of literature and art. The trustees receive no compensation for their services, and the proprietors no dividends. The finances of no public institution were ever better managed. It has the confidence, such as a new institution could not have, of our wealthiest citizens. The plan proposed is entirely within the scope of the purposes for which the institution was founded, and with which it has maintained the art interests of the city for so many years. Gentlemen of special qualifications and leisure are appointed to serve on its fine arts committee. The finances of this department have always been kept distinct from the general funds, and have never been appropriated for other purposes. Every admission fee, and every dime ever paid for a catalogue, can be accounted for to-day. An art exhibition is not, as many suppose, a money-making enterprise. Four-fifths of the gross receipts of the Athenæum gallery are annually expended in current expenses, and the small balance remaining is invested in new pictures and statuary, or is added to the fine arts fund. If any account was kept for rent, and the use of capital invested, the exhibitions would show a balance on the wrong side of the treasurer's ledger. The public, therefore, for many years have enjoyed the annual exhibitions of the Athenæum at the expense of the capital of the institution.

It may be said that the Athenæum is a private corporation, and that the plan proposed could be better carried out by separate organization. If the Athenæum were a corporation for money-making pur-

poses, like the Boston Gas Light Company or the Fifty Associates, the objection would be a valid one. But is it possible to conceive of a corporation conducted on a more unselfish basis, or where the responsibility is divided among a larger and more influential class of citizens than is the Athenæum?

By carrying out the plan proposed through the agency of the Athenæum, the new galleries would start with the valuable collections it now possesses, and with the sympathy and confidence of its munificent benefactors.

The first object, however, is to secure the funds required, and when this is accomplished, the minor points to which we have alluded will readily adjust themselves to this main fact. Let us hope that the liberal donation we have announced foreshadows the speedy endowment of an art institution which shall maintain the ancient reputation of the city of Boston.

Music Abroad.

PESTH.—According to report, the Abbé Liszt will give a series of nine concerts here in November, when, in addition to a number of his own works, he will include in the programmes Beethoven's *Eroica* and Ninth Symphonies.

WEIMAR.—On the 28th August will be celebrated the eight-hundredth anniversary of the Wartburg. It is proposed to give a performance under the direction of the composer himself, of the Abbé Liszt's oratorio, *Die heilige Elizabeth*, in the celebrated old fortress of the Thuringian Landgraves, of the "Minnesänger," and, though last not least, of Luther himself.

BADEN-BADEN.—With the exception of three Quartet Soirées, given by the Florentine society, including Herr Jean Becker and colleagues, who have afforded great satisfaction to a small but most select public, there have been as yet no concerts of any importance in the Conversationshaus. Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia, however, has long since resumed her Sunday *Matinées*, to which all the leading artists and the principal visitors enjoy free admission. The Queen of Prussia and the Grand Duchess of Baden have been to several of the *Matinées*.—The Theatre was opened a few days since by the company from the Royal Opera-house, Stuttgart, who proposed giving three performances.—The Italian operatic season will commence on the 8th August, and extend up to the 14th September. The artists engaged are: Signore Vitali, Grossi, Signori Nicolini, Delle Sedie, Zucchini and Agnesi. Among the works performed will be *Crispino e la Comare*, *Ernani*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Faust* (by M. Gounod).

ENGLISH SINGERS IN PARIS.—The choir of the Tonic Sol-fa Association of London responded to the challenge sent out some six months ago by the Emperor, who offered a prize of £200 to the choir (of any nation) which should gain the highest place in a competition in Paris. The competition came off on Monday the 8th, and the presentation of prizes, which took place on the day following, is thus described by *Le Figaro*:—"By two o'clock all the singers had assembled in the Palace of Industry, the two prize choirs being seated in the centre, at the foot of the steps leading to the throne. At three the Emperor arrived, accompanied by the Empress and the Princess Clotilde. As soon as the *Domine Salve* had been sung, the banners of all the competing choirs were carried in procession before their Majesties, being lowered as they passed the throne, as is done at a review. When the banners had passed, the prizes were given away. The Emperor gave the special prize, which had been decreed to the English Tonic Sol-fa Association, to a young English girl, who was much moved and covered with blushes. The two conquerors then sang the pieces which had gained for them the prizes so sharply and ardently contested for. Their Majesties then left." It should be added that the prize was given to a choir from Lille, in the North of France. It seems that the right of the English choir to the prize was disputed on account of there being ladies' voices among them, but their singing was of such a high order (these were the judges' words) that they had a special prize, a prize of "égaleme" given them as narrated above. It consisted of a gold Exhibition medal, a silver gilt wreath, and a certificate. Mr. Proudman, the hard working conductor, received also another gold medal, and the Society of Orphéonistes presented him with their decoration of honor.

DRESDEN.—Herr Ullmann will give three concerts here at the beginning of September. His great star

will be Mlle. Carlotta Patti; his minor constellations, Messrs. Vienxtemps, Jaell, Papper, and Stockhausen. —The management of the Theatre Royal displayed great activity during the latter half of last month. The following operas figured in the bills: *Le Philtre*, *La Part du Diable*, *L'Eclair*, *Faust* (Gounod's), *Il Trovatore*, *Figaro*, *Martha*, and *Guillaume Tell*.

DARMSTADT.—A concert was given here lately for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of the celebrated Abbé Vogler, the master of Winter, Meyerbeer, Carl M. von Weber, and many others. The members of the Cologne Association for Male Voices, and Herr Ferdinand Hiller, who played several of his own smaller compositions, were the attraction on this occasion. The net receipts amounted to some 3,000 florins.

London.

The *Saturday Review*—like most of the London journals which are or would be wise on the subject of music—does not at all agree with the *Orchestra's* enthusiastic estimate of Rubinstein, the Russian Pianist, and finds fault with the closing concert of the Philharmonic series for introducing "music of the Future," to-wit, the *Tannhäuser* overture and a Concerto by Rubinstein.

If an immoderate amount of boisterous cacophony is music, then the overture to *Tannhäuser* is music; otherwise not. The overture of Herr Wagner has at least a certain intelligible form—a beginning, a middle, and an end; but M. Rubinstein's concerto boasts nothing of the kind. There is no apparent reason why any portion of it should be where it is, instead of where it is not. Of the three movements into which it is divided—*moderato*, *moderato assai*, and *allegro*—the most objectionable is decidedly the last; but from beginning to end the concerto at best sounds like an improvisation, by a not very skillful improvisatore. M. Rubinstein has paid two visits to this country. The first was in 1843, when he was put forth as a boy-prodigy, but stood little chance against a greater prodigy, who came to London in the same year—the gifted and much regretted Charles Filtsch. For fourteen years afterwards nothing was heard of M. Rubinstein; but in 1858 he undertook a second professional journey to England. The great promise of his boyhood had scarcely been carried out; and his playing, though marked by extraordinary mechanical facility, was by no means noticeable for any of the refinements indispensable to genuine "virtuosity." Now, nine years later, he has honored the country with a third performance; and, if his performance at the last Philharmonic Concert may be accepted as a criterion, he has rather receded than advanced as a pianist. Playing more ferocious (we cannot find an apter phrase) and at the same time more unfinished has seldom been heard. Happily, or unhappily, the concerto was of the same quality as the playing. M. Rubinstein clearly belongs to the school of Abbé Liszt; but he surpasses all the disciples of that gifted though eccentric artist in caricaturing his model. Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and the symphony in G minor of Professor Sterndale Bennett, now completed by the addition of a movement in D major (*Romanza per le viole*), separating the *minuetto* from the *rondo finale*, were the most important orchestral features at this concert. Graceful as is the new movement of Professor Bennett's symphony, we cannot hail its interpolation as an improvement. Either the work should be left as it originally stood, or a more developed movement—a regular slow movement, in fact—be added. At best the new *romanza* is a pretty conceit. The symphony, however, extremely well played, was admired as before (in 1864 and 1865;) the *minuetto*, which is full of charm and naïveté, was encored, and the composer was called on at the end. At the same time Professor Bennett is too gifted a man to treat his art with anything approaching indifference; and we can only look upon the added movement as a *bonne plaisanterie*. The singers on this occasion were Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Nilsson, and Mr. Hohler. An extraordinary sensation was created by Mlle. Nilsson's really wonderful execution of "Gli angui d'Inferno," from *Die Zauberflöte*, which, though she sang it in C minor and E flat (instead of D minor and F, as Mozart wrote it), was one of those legitimate displays that mark an epoch in an artist's career. She was compelled to repeat the whole; and now the operatic world will be anxiously looking forward to the revival of *Il Flauto Magico* at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mlle. Nilsson as *Astrafiamante*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. On Monday His Imperial Majesty the Sultan of all the Turks [and

crucifier of the Christians in Crete] visited this great establishment in State. For a description of the ceremony the reader may take any of our morning contemporaries (including the *Morning Advertiser*). The entertainment consisted of the first three acts of *Masaniello*, with the usual cast. Signors Naudin and Graziani were encored in the duet of the second act.

On Tuesday and Thursday *Romeo e Giulietta* was given for the third and fourth times.

Last night the opera was *La Favorita*. To-night *Romeo* for the fifth time.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. On Monday night the opera was *Faust*. On Tuesday night (owing to the fête in honor of the Sultan at the Crystal Palace), there was no performance.

On Wednesday *Don Giovanni* was repeated, and on Thursday *Oberon*.

To-night *La Traviata*. *Il Flauto Magico* will be given, with Mlle. Nilsson as the Queen of Night, on Tuesday next, and on Thursday Chernbini's *Medea*, with Tietjens.—*Musical World*, July 20.

They have also musically entertained the Sultan at the Crystal Palace; the *Musical World* says:

One of the great events of the day was the gift made by the Sultan to his entertainers of the sum of £1000. The Crystal Palace was opened with a variety of objects; but what it really exists by is music. Thus at every festival, at every entertainment to which it is desired to attract large numbers at high prices, the chief, and in the great majority of cases, the only attraction offered is a concert, or the performance of an oratorio. The Crystal Palace is nothing if not musical. Its artistic claims, such as they are, are entirely in connection with music; and to get a true idea of the magnificence of our Eastern visitors we must remember that the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt have, between them, given to the Crystal Palace exactly three times what the British Parliament, after much deliberation and with much grumbling, has agreed to give annually towards the support of a National Musical Academy.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 3, 1867.

The Annual School Festival.

The Seventy-fourth Annual Festival (ninth of the *Musical Festivals*) of the Boston Public Schools was held, as usual, in the Music Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, July 23. To describe the beauty of the scene would be to repeat words and images which have in past years only fallen too far short of the occasion. Twelve hundred girls and boys, the former charmingly but simply dressed, all with faces full of youth, intelligence and promise, again rose tier upon tier on both wings of the Great Organ, and these were culled from all the schools as the best specimens of the vocal culture which has become more and more an element in our free school education. The number is necessarily limited by the capacity of the stage, and the whole arrangement of seats, the almost choreographic unity in variety of movement with which these young companies are quietly and quickly marshalled into their places, the system of rehearsal in separate schools, and finally *en masse*, had been studied out and wrought out so thoroughly and wisely, once for all, by the first author of the idea and his co-workers of the School Committee and the teachers, that the machine moves now almost of itself. It is true there were some discouraging obstacles to contend with this year. An opposition, almost bitter, to the Festival, betraying half concealed hostility to the whole policy of teaching music in the schools, had sprung up in a portion of the Committee, and although the better faith and wisdom of the majority prevailed, it is yet no wonder that, in such a state of suspense, the usual musical pre-

parations in the schools was delayed until the question could be finally settled and in fact almost to the last moment. Meanwhile Dr. UPHAM, the leading advocate and organizer of the Festivals from the first, had gone abroad, and the Festival Committee only a few weeks ago appealed to one of their number, Mr. F. H. UNDERWOOD, who, in spite of most exacting duties in another sphere, took the matter in hand with discreet energy, and, with the prompt coöperation of Mr. ZERRAHN, the Conductor of the Festival, and of Mr. SHARLAND, who has been for several years making the children in all the Grammar Schools masters of quite a repertoire of good songs and choruses in one, two and three parts, soon got all the questions of programme and arrangements settled and the cheerful and exciting business of rehearsal fairly in train. The result was a Festival no whit inferior to any in past years, while musically, we are safe in saying, it showed important progress, as it was bound to do after another year of trial and of constant improving upon the system of music teaching as a regular part of the school exercises. The modest but invaluable labors of Mr. MASON in the Primary Schools, and of Mr. MUNROE in all the schools, the former teaching the rudiments of song by rote and note to the youngest children, the latter disciplining the voice into wholesome and expressive habits, tell most convincingly in this mass singing, both in the precision and pure intonation thereof, and in the collective quality of tone. A larger and more musical volume of tone comes out, and it is used every year with more pliancy and skill, while there is at the same time a higher average of musical feeling and perception recognizable in the twelve hundred.

The scene, as we have said, was enchanting; the Hall was most tastefully decorated with pots and baskets of flowers and vines dependent from the ceiling; people were as eager as ever for admission, and as delighted with what they saw and heard; and there was a general feeling of thankfulness that the beautiful custom had not been ruthlessly sacrificed to a cavilling, uneasy love of change. The spoiler lays his hand upon too many things, destroys the fine trees in our streets and squares, disfigures our delightful Public Garden with huge, unsightly railroad bridges (of no sort of use) and the sweet sylvan lawns of the Common with stiff new paths: let him not meddle with the Children's Festival; enough that he spoils their playground!—The selection of Music too was uncommonly good; a mingling of the simple, grave and stately with the bright, graceful and attractive. The only fault was the old fatality of too much speech-making—quite as superfluous as the bridge aforesaid over the duck pond in the Garden. There was one live, hearty speech, which went to the hearts of children and all, that by the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS of Philadelphia; and it was short; but even that was unnecessary, in presence of the greater eloquence of the occasion and the faces and the voices of those children. The rest of the speaking was mostly for form's sake, well meant, sound and sensible in matter, but not needed there and then. Is it intended for the children? They cannot listen. For the older audience? They come to see and hear the children. There was one announcement, however, in the address of the Chairman, which, inasmuch as the music was to be followed, as hitherto, by the presentation of

bouquets to the "medal scholars," was peculiarly pertinent to the occasion, and must have been grateful to all right-minded persons. It was to the effect, that the medal system is henceforth abolished; the love of excellence for its own sake, a generous emulation in the pursuit thereof, and no longer the mean ambition to outstrip rivals, is the motive that shall now inspire the pupil; this will make nobler men and women, and broader, sounder scholars, if not such glib and showy memorizers as before.

After an Organ prelude by Mr. SHARLAND, who was organist of the day, a solid and encouraging old German Choral: "*Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan*" (What God does, that is right well done), was sung by the whole 1200 in unison, the organ supplying Bach's harmony. This was the favorite Choral of the late King of Prussia, and we cannot forget how impressively it sounded on that clear, cold January day at Potsdam, at his funeral, played by the successive bands in the procession, each serving it with a different harmony, and finally, as we came away, how our ears were greeted by the same tune rained down from the sky as it were, transfigured, in two-part contrapuntal harmony, from the chimes above the church where Frederick the Great is buried. The children sang it well, with good intonation, and all together with a will, so that it was inspiring. But there was too great uniformity of loudness for the best effect; though this is better than to attempt light and shade at the risk of timid and untrue intonation. The best (were it practicable) would have been the alternating of a verse in unison by all, with a verse by a select choir in Bach's four-part harmony unaccompanied.

Next came the Invocation by the Chaplain, and the Chairman's address, and then a three-part Song: "*Our Native Land*," by Abt, fresh and pleasing, and the chorus: "*Over the billow*," from Mr. Kielblock's Opera "*Miles Standish*," which was sung last year, but with better effect this time both of voices and orchestra; the alternation of the buoyant sailor strain with the solemn hymn made a marked impression.

After another address followed the most charming and artistic of the musical selections, that fresh, pure opening chorus from Rossini's "*William Tell*," sung in three parts by the pupils of the Girls' High and Normal School. The exquisitely figurative and suggestive prelude and accompaniments were finely rendered by the orchestra, the voices sounded pure and maiden-like and sweetly blended, and the whole went with life and delicacy and good light and shade. These had been under Mr. ZERRAHN's personal training. An hour spent in their school room a few weeks since convinced us that music had not been taught there in vain. The young ladies part now with their teacher, whose other occupations as conductor, &c., claim his whole time, with sincere regret; fortunate for them, however, and for music in the schools, that there is so competent a gentleman as Mr. EICHBERG to succeed him in the good work.

"The Quiet Night," a sweet and tranquil three-part song by Abt, sung by the whole; another address; and then the *Gloria* from Mozart's Twelfth Mass (so called), sung with great life and energy by full chorus, with orchestra and organ, the instruments of course supplying the fourth part in the vocal harmony, brought the musical feast proper to an inspiring close. The

address and presentation of bouquets by his Honor, the Mayor, the band playing the meanwhile, and the singing of *Old Hundred* by "the whole congregation," remained for those who had not already enjoyed their fill.—We think we shall hear no more of abolishing the Musical School Festival!

Obituary.

Music in Boston mourns one of its truest friends and most cultivated amateurs in Mr. GEORGE PAPENDIEK. Suddenly cut off in the prime of a useful, happy life, his sterling worth is more than ever felt, not only in the home which he made beautiful, now left so desolate, but among all who had the privilege to know him. A native of Bremen, from one of those German families in which Music and Art are so sincerely cherished, he came at an early age to this country, married a Boston lady of superior culture, and, after a short residence in Milwaukee, settled in this city, where he had become widely known and a valued part of the best social life. A man of singular refinement, cheerful, enterprising, modest, kindly, full of thoughtfulness for others, ever true to courteous instincts, he attached all with whom he came in contact. Repeatedly have we heard the remark: We never felt so much the death of one we knew so little. The haunts of good music will miss his sympathetic presence. He was an earnest helper in all our public efforts for raising music to the true dignity of Art; for years the leading spirit in the amateur orchestral society, the "Mozart Club," and a useful member of the Symphony Concert Committee of the Harvard Musical Association. He was a good amateur violinist, and many a classical quartet, trio, &c., has been enjoyed at his house. Every musician of artistic faith and purpose found encouragement in him.

Beautiful as well as very sad was the burial scene at Forest Hills last Tuesday. Hosts of friends were there to pay the last poor tribute of affectionate respect; among them a delegation of his Harvard Musical associates, a number of our leading musical artists, and the members of the "Orpheus," who sang solemn music at the grave. The little birds, too, sang, and sweetest sunshine fell, and springing grass and flowers breathed hope and sweetness all around, filling the very air with heavenly assurance, for these were receiving to themselves all that was mortal of a life in harmony with theirs.

"FAIR HARVARD." The Commencement music was as bad as usual. That is to say, it was inappropriate. We make no criticism on the band employed, but we do respectfully suggest that a mere military brass band at all is not in harmony with an academic, calm, refined occasion. When we walk in the procession of the alumni, in order of classes from the venerable heads down, through those dear old classic shades, it is simply irritating and discordant to hear the soldiers' march from Gounod's *Faust* brayed out by coarse brazen throats; in the Church, after prayers and literary addresses, the same boisterous, untimely harmony is still more aggravating, because so unescapable within walls; and then at that feast of wit and intellect, the Phi Beta Kappa dinner, to have the fine influence of each felicitous impromptu (sharp prompting, though, on the part of Mr. President), in the shape of speech or poem, suddenly and coarsely broken in upon by these ferocious blasts of tubas and trombones, (they having first prepared our minds, by way of overture, with all the ghastliest diablerie of *Der Freyschütz*, coarsely served up and caricatured in an interminable potpourri), is like a repeated letting down from the Symposium of the Gods into the fiery furnace of uneasy spirits the smoke of whose torment ascendeth forever.

Verily there are occasions where no music is far

better than any but the right kind of music. Better bread without butter, than with butter that is loud and rancid as brass music out of place. *Sentimental* brass music will suggest itself particularly here. It is too much the custom of our people at festivals, dramatic performances, &c., to fill up all the intervals with music, without the least regard to fitness. After an act of Hamlet has taken full possession of your mind, out bursts a noisy dashing polka, or a coarse march, or a piece of senseless solo virtuosity from the orchestra; in German theatres we found it pleasanter with no music between the acts, unless it were musical illustration added to the play by kindred genius, like Beethoven's to "*Egmont*," or Mendelssohn's to the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*,"—pleasanter because the train of thought and feeling was not rudely broken; or if there was need of alternation, there was a chance to talk with neighbors undisturbed by irritating noise. Flies and mosquitoes are not more provoking than such music sometimes. We do it because it is the traditional and customary thing to do; we take for granted that we need it when we should be better off without it.

Speaking of another Festival we have complained of too much speaking; we have more often to complain of too much music. Music in its place is excellent; but out of place, it were better there were none. The truth is, a really musical person does not much relish music as a secondary thing to some other, a mere accompanying circumstance to fill up time, an "unconsidered trifle." Music to be enjoyable, must be principal, and claim attention on its own account by as good a right as sermon, speech or poem. Now an academic festival like the Commencement days at Cambridge, would seem to be the very occasion for introducing a reform in a custom now "more honored in the breach than in the observance" where taste, refinement, intellect preside over all else, why do they not take the music in charge? Why cater for the musical wants of these days precisely as one would for a military parade in the streets?

Cannot some gentler kind of music, more in the spirit of the hour, be easily provided? At the dinner, for instance, if fine speech carries us up to the point that we need the still finer, freer and more subtle language of pure tones, why shall not the Muse respond as artist, upon equal terms, with intelligent and sympathetic instinct, in the shape of a choice strain of vocal harmony, or quartet of strings, or even an apt (of course brief) selection from one of the masters of piano music, interpreted by artists (and Harvard has such among her own sons?) An orchestra, of course, would be the perfect thing, but perhaps out of the question for some time on account of the expense. At all events, a beginning in the right direction may be made negatively, by simply dropping out the music that is so disturbing, or by more discrimination as to the when and the how of its coming in. At the dinner we have referred to, we think every guest felt relieved when the musicians, having served their time out, shouldered their heavy instruments and went off free and happy; now we could resign ourselves to the spirit of the hour, and "go in" for a good time without alloy!

ERRATA.—The article "About Fugues," in our last, owing to our printer being in the midst of the confusion of moving to more convenient quarters, came out pretty thickly strewn with errors of the press. Thus: "unalterable (for unalterable) secrets"; "painted (for pointed) arches"; "phototypes," for *prototypes*; "it is a music (for in music) what the spiral law of growth in plants"; always "*becoming*, never absolutely"—done, should be added; "more (for none) of the genial Mozart," &c., &c.

Mr. H. L. BATEMAN has announced the engagements which he has made during his late visit to Europe, from which we may augur that the coming season will offer us something novel as well as interesting in comic opera. Mr. Bateman has engaged

an entire French company, including the orchestra and chorus, for the reproduction of Offenbach's operas—"La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," "Barbe Bleue," and others, including "The Grand Duchess," now running at the Varieties in Paris, and pronounced the greatest success of the season. Mr. Bateman's *prima donna* is Mlle. Tostée, a pupil of the conservatories and an eminent actress, who is at present starring at Bordeaux. The other members of the company are excellent artists, and enjoy a creditable reputation in Paris. The costumes to be worn in the new opera will be exact imitations of those now worn at the Varieties, are to be made by the same parties. In all the minor details for the representation of these operas, Mr. Bateman has been as thorough in his preparation as in the more prominent matters; no expense has been spared.

Quite as interesting as the above to all lovers of music will be the announcement that the coming season will include a series of musical entertainments under the management of a well known *directeur*, to be given at Music Hall, the first performance occurring some time in January. The rest of these series will follow rapidly. The entertainments will mainly consist of English operettas, written by a composer who is the equal of Offenbach, which will be presented by vocalists of Boston, prepared for the task by competent instructors. In addition to the best resident talent, foreign artists of reputation who will be speedily engaged, will be employed in these concerts. *Eve. Gazette*, July 21.

LES ORPHEONISTES. The whole of France is organized into choral unions or orphéons. They take all sorts of names—sometimes they are orphéons—sometimes choral unions—sometimes a *cerce* or club—sometimes amateurs—sometimes friends. One set calls themselves Sons of Apollo; another the Children of St. Denis; others again the Hope of Paris, the Lyre of Roubaix, the St. Cecilia of some other place. Time was when the orphéons, who consist mainly of peasants, attempted no more than to sing the simple choruses of the Wilhelm school. Now they can attack any composition of any school—the most elaborate works of the greatest masters. As a matter of fact what they chiefly attack are the compositions of French masters—Halévy, Adolphe Adam, Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Félicien David, and Laurent de Rillé. It is rather a serious business to adjudicate upon the claims of more than two hundred choral unions, which are to be represented in Paris by eight thousand voices, all claiming the prize. The plan is to break them up into batches, and to hand each batch over to a separate jury.

MINSTRELSY AS IT WAS. Elegant musical young men now may be glad that they did not live four hundred and eleven years ago. This is how the King then supplied the vacant places in his band: "The King to his well beloved Walter Halyday, Robert Marshall, William Wykes, and John Chiffe, safety. Know ye that We—considering how certain of our Minstrels have now lately gone the way of all flesh, and that we necessarily want others in their places for our solace—have appointed you, jointly and severally, to take (*capitandum*), wherever they can be found, certain youths, elegant in their natural limbs, and well taught in the art of Minstrelsy, and put them in our service at our wages. And we command you that you look diligently to the premises, and do them, and carry them out in the form aforesaid." Will ye, nill ye, it was in those days. If either a horse or a minstrel was wanted for the king, he had to go.—*Athenæum*.

CHORON THE MUSICAN. M. Jules Janin tells this anecdote: Once upon a time there was in this Paris, forgetful of everything, a respectable man, an ingenious, profound, affectionate artist, Choron, the musician. He delighted to look everywhere for promising intellects, well-gifted voices, and heads touched by Heaven. When he met any child which seemed to whisper confidence to his hopes, he hastily carried it home, and gave it a place in a school which (all poor as he was) he had opened at his own expense. He treated these chosen children with more than paternal tenderness. To the hungry child he gave bread, and he gave clothes to the shivering child. He lived smiling and charming with these potent creatures, who often lacked attention, gratitude, and respect for him. Among Choron's numerous disciples were two especially who kept Europe attentive. One of these was little Gilbert, who became Duprez, and the first singer of the world, and the great Rachel. He found her one winter's day dragging in the street a guitar bigger than herself, and detecting on that juvenile brow genius's stamp, he carried her to his school. He wanted to make a songstress of her. She, directed by her genius, quitted the lyric drama for the written tragedy of our

old poets. In fine she became Rachel, and had risen from triumphs to triumphs, carrying with her all Paris, and perpetually living amid enchantments and success. At the height of this immense joy she thought she should like to play her great part "Hermione," at the Grand Opera, and fill that vast theatre where her old comrade, Gilbert Duprez, kept the throng attentive and charmed to the inspirations of Rossini and Guillaume Tell. To hear was to obey this eloquent woman. So she played at the benefit of that respectable and worthy Massol, whose career was suddenly interrupted at the very time his voice was strongest and most beautiful. On this night there was a crowd at the Grand Opera. "Hermione" entered superb and triumphant, perfectly at home in this immense space. She herself alone was able to supply the places of the orchestra and choruses. She became intoxicated by her own passion. Had you seen her you would have likened her to some sublime storm in which her eyes flashed like lightning. It was one of the most admirable, perhaps it was the most admirable evening of all her life. She retired from the stage amid universal applause, whose thunders pursued her even to the dressing-room, where Helene's daughter laid down the royal mantle. She then closed her eyes to wait till her heart beat less rapidly. Why, how now? gently, heart! When at last she came to herself she caught a glimpse ('t was no vision of that great mind filled with phantoms) of the bust of Choron, her great master. That was, indeed, his timid, good-natured glance, his ingenuous smile, his very self. On his brow he bore a half-faded crown, and the crown suited well with those warm-hearted features. Now Mlle. Rachel's dressing-room was Duprez's own dressing-room. The opera had given it to the grand "Hermione," as the sole chamber it had at all worthy such a guest. The crown on old Choron's brow was placed there by his little Gilbert, by Duprez himself, who gave it to his gentle master after the unexampled success of his summons in Guillaume Tell. *Suivez-moi!* 'Twas the same very crown. Duprez prided it as the first guerdon of his glory. At the sight of this bust and this crown Mlle. Rachel (she had every noble instinct; happy was he who knew how to rouse them) was filled with ineffable emotion. In a second she was transported back to her earlier youth amid *La Cité dolente* (sorrow's city); the benefactions and the graces of the olden time were once more present to her mind. Her comrade Duprez's gratitude revealed her own ingratitude to her. She began to mourn it. Just at the moment the door of the dressing-room, in which Duprez seemed to conceal his noble action, noisily opened. The most beautiful *dansesuses* of the ballet, before entering on the stage, brought to Mlle. Rachel the flowers and crowns thrown to her, and which filled the stage. She said to them, with a winning smile, "They are yours, and I am quite sure you will be at no loss to discover who threw them to you." They obeyed, and merrily bore away the beautiful flowers, which were twice useful in the same evening. Mlle. Rachel kept only one crown. It was braided in the antique manner of smallage and laurels wreathed with a spray of linden. When at last she rose to return home, she, with a charming hand, took possession of the crown which Duprez himself had, six months before, placed on his master's brow, and in its stead encircled Choron's head with her own antique crown. As Duprez was dressing for the stage next day he admired, without wondering overmuch, to see this happy metamorphosis. That very same day Mlle. Rachel's friends, seeing that withered crown already crumbling into dust, were tempted to make it the butt of all sorts of epigrams. The haughty tragic actress interrupted them with a royal gesture, saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but not one of you shall ridicule a crown of amaranth placed by Duprez, the singer, on the brow of our master, Choron."

Sax, the inventor of the numerous instruments with the prefix of his name—Sax-horns, tubas and ophons,—has again obtained the grand medal at the Paris Exhibition for a totally new class of instruments—trumpets and trombones with six pistons and independent tubes. This invention enables the performer to produce all the chromatic notes and to play in any key without the change of crooks.

The museum of the Paris Conservatoire has lately been enriched with two singular instruments. One of these is a portable pipe-organ, constructed in China about the seventh century—in other words when organs were unknown here or in France, since one was used at Compiègne for the first time in 757. The other instrument is a clavacin made for Marie Antoinette in 1790 by Pascal Taskin. This clavacin is remarkable for the ornamentation and carving; and what is more it is a precious relic of the martyred queen.—*London Orchestra*.

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